



This love, it is a burning sun by Memessavedme

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Summary:

Harringrove X-men AU

Steve 'Sunspot' Harrington is used to life in the light, out in the open. Billy 'Angel' Hargrove has always lived in the dark, hidden away by his father.

When Steve finds him hiding in a warehouse, with much more than just damaged wings he brings him home and they become a duo to be feared.

Title from the song - Into the open air by Julie Fowlis

1. Moonlight

Author's Note:

Rewritten/edited so there are a few changes to the original



The first time he saw him it was by chance, channel surfing until he landed on the news. Nothing interesting, that was until it cut to a boy radiating light. He looked like the sun on earth, lit up like a star right there on Billy's television screen. It almost burnt his eyes from the contrast of the darkroom to the light of the TV, his roar filling his

ears as he stared in amazement. The camera angle wasn't the best, clearly someone's video camera footage but nevertheless, Billy couldn't look away. He turned up the volume to hear what they were saying and that's when he heard the name 'Sunspot'. A mutant from the Institute, the same one he wasn't allowed to join.

After that he spent a lot of his nights watching the mutant news slots, waiting to catch another glimpse of this Sunspot boy. Except, he never did. It was as if he had imagined him, that his young lonely brain had created someone to look up to who didn't appear again. That was until many years later when the same boy, now almost man walked into the warehouse where Billy spent his days and most of his nights.

"People call you The Angel, right?" He asked, walking into the moonlight.

His face lit up in the blue, his features still hidden, eyes searching in the dark to actually get a look at Billy.

"Yeah," He replied, standing above him in the rafters.

An almost empty bottle in hand in nothing but tight leather pants and boots. He dropped the bottle, letting it hit the floor and smash but the mutant below didn't flinch. Didn't react to his little test. "What do you want?"

"To see your wings," He replied, plain and simple.

Nothing to hide. No hidden motive. Just simple curiosity. Which if anything was much more suspicious than the ones who tried to hide it, act as if they wanted to help Billy and not take advantage. He didn't reply, not knowing who had managed to find him so he hesitated. This had happened before, a stranger wanting to see him for what he really was and it ended...badly.

Instead, he laughed, a hard laugh as he watched the man below him. "Who are you?" He still wouldn't come down.

"Steve and you're Billy, yeah?" He replied and stepped closer but stopped when he saw the outline of the boy in the rafters, his wings

beginning to stretch and his face lighting up as he lit a cigarette.

There was a pause as they watched each other. A tension that neither had felt before, something that even from this distance they could feel. Not a threat nor invitation, just something they couldn't explain.

"You're not part of some bullshit mutant experiment program are you?" Billy began walking along to the hole in the roof so that Steve could see him properly but from a safe distance. "I'd have to do something if that was the case," Billy grinned as he sat on the old damp plank of wood beneath him.

"The opposite," Steve smiled and just as he did it lit up his face as it lit up a fire in the pit of Billy's stomach. "We're from the Xavier Institute."

That caught the winged boy's attention. He lifted himself from the wood and landed rather clumsily on the concrete floor. "You're not alone?"

Billy began walking towards Steve, one wing dragging along the dirty floor. He had learned to listen to details, take in everything around him as a sort of survival instinct. The type that you gain from years of quick escapes and not so successful ones...

"Your wing," Steve practically gasped as he stared at the charred black feathers, moving to reach out his hand but Billy swatted it away and the boy winced. "Did someone do that to you?"

"Something like that," He blew smoke in his face but just as before, he didn't react. "What makes you so special then, pretty boy?"

Billy couldn't help himself. Those big brown eyes, filled with wonder and curiosity made him want to steal this stranger away from the world. Protect him from God knows what may come. He wanted to see what he had in him, test him to see his power and mutation but before he could, "Are you done yet?" Another voice said from the shadows.

"Who's your little friend?" Billy asked pointing the cigarette towards the entrance.

Rolling his eyes he placed his hands on his hips and looked behind him. "Just an idiot," Steve replied.

That was when the freckled boy walked into the light. Except, he wasn't in casual dress like Steve, he was wearing a black bodysuit.

"What the fuck are you wearing?" Billy began laughing so hard he almost choked.

He knew it was an Xmen suit, the kind that they all wear when saving the world or whatever but up close he couldn't help but laugh. It came off as too serious, as if they boy took his role with pride and purpose. Something Billy couldn't stand.

"Shut up, man," The boy charged towards him but Steve stretched out his arm to stop him. "Come on, the school doesn't need this jerk."

"Don't be a dick, Tommy," Steve sighed.

"Wearing that little suit make you feel all big and powerful?" Billy mocked as he took another drag from his cigarette. "What makes you so important then, freckles?"

"Tommy don't," Steve said looking back and forth between them.

Except, he wasn't listening and before Steve could say anything Tommy's arm was turned to solid blue ice and his fingers were latched around Billy's throat.

"Tommy!".

Billy wasn't struggling, he was looking in amazement at the blue of his skin, the mist coming off as he clenched his throat. Just as Steve reached to pull him off, Billy booted his chest and sent him flying to the dirty floor. Steve was staring at his friend struggling to lift himself up as Billy touched his neck to feel the cold of his skin before he began to chuckle and walk towards the boy on the ground.

"A little cold doesn't scare me," He smirked as he stood over him.

"Yeah, well a flightless birdie doesn't scare me," Tommy replied and that was when Billy felt himself getting angry.

He grabbed him by the collar and lifted him up until his feet were off the ground, his legs trying to kick at Billy but it was no use. The rage building in his limbs as he held onto his ridiculous black costume, looking right into his eyes.

"I would be," Billy said as his knuckles went white.

He didn't even hear Steve move, didn't see him coming until his fingers were wrapped around his wrist and they were burning, not to the point of pain but he could smell the hairs beginning to singe as Steve's grip tightened. Without thinking he dropped him and Steve let go.

"What the hell?" He looked at Steve's hand but it was normal, his own skin, however, was scalded.

The type of burn you get from spilling boiled water or touching an oven dish. It hurt but it would soon be fine enough. His attention turned to watch as Steve helped Tommy off the ground and to his feet, watched as he pulled the sleeve of his jacket back over his hand again.

"That's enough," Steve said, the charming smile gone and in its place a pissed off glare, which was directed at Billy and Billy alone.

"Yeah, it is," Billy pulled his wings up against to his back and turned around to walk away. "Get the fuck out."

He heard Steve sigh and then their footsteps getting further and further away. "Can't wait to tell the big man that the all-powerful Sunspot couldn't catch an injured bird."

Sunspot? Sunspot.

"Wait," Within a second he was right behind them with his hand on Steve's shoulder, stopping him from going any further. "You're Sunspot?"

Steve turned. "Yeah?".

When he did, he was shocked by the look on his face. Billy was grinning but it wasn't malicious or mean, not an expression looking

for a fight. No, it was genuine. A look of excitement and to Steve that was more terrifying than watching his friend be kicked across a room.

"Holy fucking shit," Billy grabbed Steve by the shoulders. "It's you! It's really you!"

"I guess," Steve awkwardly replied as the winged boy looked him in the eyes.

That was when it happened, his train of thought went crashing off the rails, landing somewhere deep inside of his mind where it would stay until he could bring himself from the blue of his eyes. The ocean in them, the fire, the adventure. God, they were the most exciting thing he had ever seen and they were staring at him.

"Let's go then," Billy slapped his shoulder and walked right past them. "Can't keep the boss man waiting. Better let him know we're on our way," His wings were stretched out as he laughed. "He probably knows we are anyway."

Tommy hadn't moved. He was just watching all of this unfold before him. "I'll go let him onboard," He sighed and walked to catch up with the still shirtless boy ahead of them.

Except, Steve couldn't move. He was transfixed on the feathers of the wings that were slowly getting further and further away as he stood. The way he walked, the skip in his step as Tommy rushed to catch up was something he had never seen before on a mutant. Not one who was hiding in an old warehouse. "God, you're beautiful". He whispered to himself, letting it out before he said it for real.

Before he told a troubled mutant something that would make him vulnerable, something he told himself he would do. Not with a person like Billy, not right now.

2. Guiding us home wherever we are

It had taken longer than usual to get back to the house. With Billy packing his things and Steve trying to keep Tommy away from him they were delayed enough it was already morning by the time they got back. Still shirtless, the winged boy began running through the house. Ducking his head into rooms and lifting himself off the ground as he raced through the halls. The students didn't flinch, it wasn't the first time a new guy had done this sort of thing. Instead, most rolled their eyes, a few of the girls winked and he winked back.

"Hey, Wings!" Someone shouted and Billy turned to find a rather unimpressed man standing by the staircase with his arms folded.

His hair brushed back, stubble peaking through as he stared at him. There was nothing visibly mutant about him, nothing to give him away like Billy.

"Can I help you?" Billy asked, tucking his wings against his back as he sauntered over mockingly.

"Yeah, who brought you in?" He hadn't moved, his expression the same as he looked down at the arrogant boy in front of him.

"Me," Steve came bolting up the stairs, luggage bag in hand to beside Billy. "Sorry, Hopper. I forgot to tell you," He glanced at Billy with a look of agitation, a look that let him know to keep quiet.

"Where is he gonna stay?" Hopper loosened his arms and placed them on his hips, a rather out of date Hawaiian shirt that he was wearing ruffling at the sides as he did. "He sure as hell isn't staying with one of the girls".

"Well shit, there goes my big plan," Billy shook his head then smirked at the man in front of him.

"Look here, kid-," He pointed at Billy but before he could have a go Steve stepped in and smiled.

"He can stay in my room, sir," Steve nodded to Billy and looked back

to the much taller man in front of him. "I'll sort it."

"Right but if I see him skipping about like some escaped canary, he won't be staying in the house," Before Billy could make some smart-ass comeback Steve pulled him away from the man and towards the next hallway.

"He's a charmer," Billy laughed. "Gonna have fun with him."

"Seriously, man. You can't be messing around like that," Steve opened one of the doors to reveal his bedroom, a mess of a bedroom.

Clothes and books scattered across the floor, plants covering almost every surface that wasn't needed for something else. It was also tiny, it barely fit his single bed and wardrobe but there they were. Roomies.

"This place sucks ass," Billy groaned as Steve shut the door.

"By all means, go back," He replied as he threw his jacket into the corner. "Also put a shirt on."

Without another word, Billy stood up and walked over to the closet, pulled out a white vest which he proceeded to rip down the back and then step into so his wings didn't get in the way.

Steve watched this so intensely he forgot to look away when the boy turned. His skin, tight against his muscles, especially his shoulders. The most fascinating part though was the way his wings moved without him thinking about it. That he knew exactly how far to rip the fabric so they could sit perfectly above it. He had mastered his mutation by 18 and that was pretty impressive. Although he did have wings and not a solar power source running through his cells.

"My feathers dirty or something?" He asked meeting Steve's eyes.

Even the way he carried himself was fascinating. His face was so smug, he knew how good he looked and Steve hated it, but he also loved it.

"No," Steve looked away. "We should probably do something about that wing though."

Billy paused as if he had to process what he had just heard. He rushed over to him and with a look of such vulnerability asked, "You can fix it?".

His voice was so quiet compared to his usual cocky tone. The question almost overwhelmed Steve with the look of complete and utter dependence in his eyes as he waited for the answer.

"Yeah, they've fixed worse."

That brought such a smile to Billy's lips that Steve couldn't look away from the boy in front of him. The boy who had been through so much that the simple chance of being able to fly again brought him such joy that it made Steve want to cry.

"Holy shit!" He grinned and for a slip second Steve could have sworn he glanced at his lips, just a second but it made his stomach do a flip and his cheeks flush at the thought.

Steve couldn't help but do the same, just look and when he did, he wanted nothing more than to touch the pink slightly open lips in front of him. Just run his finger along them because they were so perfect it made his head hurt. For a moment they just stood there, watching each other. Waiting for someone to do something to stop this because if they didn't Steve was scared that what he wanted to happen would and that couldn't happen.

"Steve, are you back?" A voice asked as the door open. "Oh, you are!" The girl smiled at Steve and then turned to see Billy only a foot or so away from him with a look that asked the question for her.

"Billy Hargrove," He told her with a smile so fake smile that Steve almost laughed but instead, he caught her attention.

"Yeah, he's the one I told you about," he smiled as he gestured towards him. "Looks like there's no spare rooms so he's staying with me."

"Really?" She asked.

"Yeah, Nance. It'll be fun," He replied and it went silent. "Do you want to go catch up?" She nodded.

Rather rushed he ushered the girl out of the room and told Billy to get comfortable or whatever. Leaving him alone. Except, Billy didn't want to get comfortable, he wanted to pin Steve against the wall and make him feel things he'd think about for a month. Wanted to feel the boy against him, all hot and flustered but his chance for that was stolen away by some little brunette with a sour face. Instead of doing something irrational and probably dangerous he lay down and went to sleep. He hadn't slept in what felt like days, it probably had been and the alcohol had worn off completely. Leaving him with the feeling of an upcoming hangover and a need for a nap.

He woke to Steve knelt on the floor beside the bed. "Hey there, Sunshine," He joked.

"Enjoy your nap?" Steve asked and stood up, pointing to his work, which was a makeshift bed on the floor.

"Wow, thanks," Billy sat up and looked to the brown-eyed boy standing in front of him and paused.

His hair was a mess, sticking up in random places and he had changed into a pair of sweats and an old shirt from some high school Billy had never heard of.

"What?" Steve asked raising his eyebrows.

"You're just nice to look at, is all," That caught Steve off guard and he loved the look on his face as what he had just said processed. "How was your girl then?"

"Oh," Steve relaxed and sat down at the bottom of the bed. "Just complaining about the usual."

"I don't care about that," Billy waved his hand and rolled his eyes. "We're buddies right?"

"I mean you're in my bed," Steve joked.

"I meant how did you do her while I was asleep? Let her know how much you missed her?" Billy smirked. "You know as a buddy, I'm curious and invested in your love life."

He didn't reply. Instead, he sighed and looked down at his hands. "We haven't done anything yet."

"What? How long you been dating?"

"A year."

"A year!" Billy almost choked. "Her mutation make her deadly in the sack or some shit?"

"Yes its her mutation," Steve's entire demeanour dropped. His posture, even his energy just left him as he sighed again. "She can't touch people or she takes their powers, or life force or whatever."

Billy didn't have a response to that. Didn't have a way of jokingly brushing it off, as he did with most things. No this was serious and when things got serious he ran or he got mean. Except, he didn't want to be mean to Steve because even though he wouldn't admit it, he saved him. Caught the fallen angel, just before he could land and shatter. That night in the warehouse was going to be a make or break for the winged boy, a night of decisions that led him left or right on the path to his future. A choice he didn't have to make because his childhood hero happened to show up in the moonlight.

"That's rough," Billy finally said. "Bet you miss being touched."

It was supposed to be genuine but it came out as a weird comment or suggestive flirt. A dirty joke but he meant as in human contact, the brush of someone's hand on yours that ignites something. Reminds you why people are supposed to live in groups, not alone.

"I bet you miss flying more," Steve looked up and when those big brown eyes met his, Billy felt his legs go like jelly.

It was ridiculous, he couldn't fall for a guy like Steve. Fall for anyone for that matter, especially when he had just moved in. Falling meant caring and caring led to staying, something he didn't do all that often.

"More than anything," It was getting too close, too real now and Billy was aching to run for the door but he didn't. He didn't run. "I'd take you flying just to show you."

"Oh, I can fly. Sort of."

"You," Billy was almost laughing. "You can fly?"

"Yeah. I figured out that if I use little bursts of energy I can fly to some degree. It needs some work but...", Steve was smiling but it was shy and hidden away as if he didn't like talking about himself or his abilities.

"Well, holy shit," He jumped up and manhandled Steve so they were both standing by the bed. "I'm not waiting for my wings to get fixed if you can take me up there right now, Sunshine."

"What? Right now?" Steve was just as baffled as you would expect. "Its lights out."

"What's he gonna do? Kill us? Trust me I've done less for worse punishment," Billy was smiling but Steve could sense an undertone, an undertone that told a story but that was a question for a different day.

"Alright, but if we get caught," Steve groaned and went over to the curtains, pulled them back and unlatched the window. "You're lucky I'm not tired."

"It'll be fun!" He was practically vibrating with excitement, his eyes lit up with the thought of being in the air and Steve couldn't say no to those eyes.

"How do I hold you?" That question made Steve blush but the dim light of the bedroom hid it thankfully.

"Right, so either hook your arms under my shoulders and hold me up or on your back," He replied with a wink.

"Come here, then."

So Steve did slip his hands under the winged boy's shoulder and he wished he hadn't because the second his fingers touched his skin he couldn't think. He was so warm, warmer than a human that was for sure and of course, Steve was a warm person as well but feeling the heat of someone else like this. Close, so close and pressed against him

made him want to curl into Billy and never let go.

Except, he couldn't do that. No. He loved Nancy and he had to get rid of these thoughts because they were beginning to get too much. So he lifted them up and out of the window, sending them from the second story of the mansion to over the trees and soon they could see the lands that were theirs to roam. Billy's wings spread out as if he was the one flying.

It was when they hovered for a moment that Steve noticed Billy was crying. He was actually crying and that hit Steve like a knife to the gut. Then he felt Billy run his fingers over his hand and lean his head back so that they were even closer than before. If he couldn't do this without concentrating he would have dropped them both but there they were, hovering in the night sky with not a care or responsibility in the world.

Before anything more could happen he took them back and let go of the winged boy as soon as they landed back inside his bedroom.

"We'll take you to see Joyce about your wings tomorrow," Steve said crawling into bed, unable to deal with whatever the hell he was feeling.

"Hey," Billy said in a hushed tone. "Thank you."

Steve rolled and almost jumped out of his skin because only a few inches away from his face was Billy's, as he sat on his bed for the night. "What for?" He asked watching Billy watch him.

"Everything," He was staring into those blue eyes of his that held such wonder it was overwhelming. "I don't show it but I appreciate you bringing me here."

Billy smiled but it wasn't his usual, excited grin it was so soft that the air left Steve's lungs for a moment. It was the kind of smile you fall in love with and there Steve was, looking at it.

"It's alright," Was all he could think to say because if he said any more he would end up saying too much and too much wasn't good.

He rolled back over and closed his eyes but he didn't sleep. Instead,

he lay awake to the sounds of Billy's breathing. At some point, he turned back over to look at him and saw that he lay on his front, which made sense because having wings must be a pain when trying to sleep. Then, suddenly he began panting as if he was in danger. Except he was still fast asleep and then, then he was standing and his wings were out and knocking everything in the little room off its surface. Shelves falling to the floor, plant pots shattered leaving soil everywhere.

Steve jumped up and grabbed him by the shoulders to try and stop him from swaying around. His eyes were open but he wasn't seeing him. "Billy!"

"Sunshine?" He asked and his eyes focused on Steve's face.

"Hey, you alright?" His wings fell back against his back and his breathing began to slow but the look in his eyes was of pure terror, the kind that only comes with years of torment.

"Fuck," He said as he looked around to see the mess. "Just a bad dream."

"Must have been some bad dream," Steve replied, just then realising they were holding each other's arms.

It felt so familiar, touching Billy. As if he had known him much longer than a day, a lot longer.

"Yeah."

It became a routine thing after that. Every night for the next 2 weeks Billy would slip into a deep sleep only to wake up in a panic, except now Steve was there waiting to catch him as he fell. Someone was there for the first time. Their days were pretty average. Classes and then training, Billy went to see the school's doctor and she began work to fix the broken bones and singed feathers of his wing. It would take another week or so but he would fly again and that made him want to burst.

Steve introduced him to his friends; Robin, a girl with a bright smile and the speed of almost light, her other name Quicksilver. Dustin, a

younger boy who turned to mush and could slip through any space, they called him Boneless. A shy boy named Will, also the son of Joyce who cast illusions and warped anyone's view of the world, he liked to call himself The Game Master. The most interesting was a girl named Jane who was scarily similar to the Professor, except much weaker and untrained.

However, it was when Steve introduced Will's brother Jonathan, Billy noticed something. He saw Nancy touch his shoulder, his bare skin as they joked about something he missed and he didn't flinch. Either Steve had exaggerated her powers or the guy who always carried a camera wasn't affected by her mutation. That combined with the way she looked at him was something Billy decided he was going to watch very closely. A few others were out on missions or trips but they were all so interesting, so much so Billy felt overpowered by them. He could fly and punch people, not slip through tiny gaps in walls or move things with his mind. It was amazing to see but not to think about for too long.

Things were going good, for the first time since he could remember, his life was stable. He was safe, even in a house full of hormonal kids with superpowers.

Steve was waiting for him when he came round from his final surgery, his wing as good as new. Just a little weaker and in need of adjustment to being used again. It was when he stood up and let his wings stretch to their full that the air left Steve's lungs.

"Wow," He breathed watching Billy smile at the sight of the healing feathers.

"Thanks, doc," Billy said hugging Joyce before pulling his wings back against his back and walking over to Steve. "My turn to take you for a fly."

"Whoa not yet," She shook her head.

"It's an, I owe you then," Billy couldn't stop smiling, and it was driving Steve insane because he couldn't stop staring.

That night Billy didn't sleep, he lay on the floor listening to Steve

breathe until he turned, eyes open to look down at him. "Hey, Sunshine."

"Why do you call me that?" Steve asked, half asleep but very much aware of what he was saying.

"Sunspot. Sunshine." He replied.

"Why not just call me by my name?"

Billy chuckled quietly. "Where's the fun in that?"

They both fell asleep talking about random things that didn't matter but it was nice to feel normal for a moment. Talk of things that weren't powers or the end of the world. No, just stuff that teenage boys talk about. Normal. When they woke up it was a Saturday, meaning no class. Except, just as Billy went to ask Steve to go for a walk there was a knock at the door and then Nancy appeared. "Hey, Steve. Want to go for a walk?"

"Yeah, give me two minutes."

Two minutes it was and Billy was alone and he was pissed and when Billy got pissed, if he couldn't just punch the target of his anger he got petty and when he got petty things never ended well. After flicking the light on he opened his bag and rifled through his things until he found what he wanted. He grinned as he held up the tight red pair of swim shorts, this was going to be fun.

"Looks like it's going to be a hot day," He said to himself as he slid on his sunglasses and left Steve's room to wander the ground for a nice place to sunbathe.

It didn't take long for people to start staring as he made his way outside. He really was a cocky bastard but he knew it, which just made his confidence in situations like this skyrocket to the point he thrived on the attention. He did find a spot, just close enough to the house for people to see him but far away enough to evoke a sense of curiosity to who he was.

He lay down on his wings, nested quite happily between them on the grass below a tree, trying to enjoy his new home but the peace was

very soon broken by non-other than Nancy and Steve.

He could hear them, heightened senses and all but he could also hear the chatter of students nearby which only disrupted what looked like an argument. She was pissed and Billy found it hilarious to watch. Steve would reach out but pull his hand away, knowing he couldn't touch her at all and that stung Billy. Stung as if it was himself not being able to touch the person he cared for.

"Hey," Someone said from behind him, causing him to nearly jump out of his skin.

"Fucking hell," Billy cursed under his breath as he realised it was Jonathan. "What you doing creeping in the trees?"

He didn't respond, he just held up his camera and Billy got the idea. The boy sat down beside him and didn't say a word.

"What do you think they're fighting about?" Billy asked and Jonathan shrugged.

"Probably because she's pissed about how much time he spends with you," He replied casually as if that wasn't exactly the answer to the question.

"What?"

"Yeah, man. She's been talking about you and him non stop since you turned up," They looked at each other and then back to the arguing couple, but they weren't arguing anymore.

No, she was heading straight for them and she was not happy at all.

"You!" She pointed in Billy's face. "You need to make some new friends or something because clearly you can't just leave people be."

"Excuse me, princess?" Billy smiled smugly in her face. "Who exactly should I leave be?" He could see Steve rushing to stop what was happening but it was too late.

"Steve. You made him go out after curfew and risk his position."

"Nance!"

He was only a metre or so away when she opened her mouth and said something that made Billy lose it. "You're a nobody. A flightless bird with no drive or purpose. So leave him alone so he doesn't end up the same."

Billy was already in a bad mood, he didn't need little miss perfect coming for him like this so, without thinking at all he grabbed her wrist. Her exposed risk and the next thing he knew everything was black and his legs gave way beneath him, sending him to the grass with a thud.

"Billy! Shit!" Steve was knelt over him when his eyes opened.

"You weren't lying, "He said sitting up to see a crowd of young students had gathered.

"Get lost, all of you," Steve groaned and waved his hand to get rid of the kids and to Billy's surprise, they left. Some more willing than others but they did leave.

Jonathan and Nancy were nowhere to be seen, leaving the two of them alone. Steve had a hold of Billy's hand, gripping it for dear life from waiting for him to respond. His eyes were so relieved Billy could barely look at them because someone cared enough to hope he was alright. Steve wanted Billy to be okay and he made sure he found out he was. That made Billy want to run, run just like he had from every inkling of connection. Weakness, but when he looked into the soft brown eyes before him the urge to fly away disappeared as if it had never existed.

"You scared the shit out of me," Steve smiled. "She's knocked a guy into a coma once."

Billy laughed at the thought. "I'm starving."

"Come on," Steve stood up and pulled Billy up with him. "I'll make you something."

For the rest of the day Nancy didn't make another appearance, neither did Jonathan. A fact he was quite happy with as he sat in the

kitchen eating the sandwich Steve had made while listening to him complain about his girlfriend and the fact she was wrong. That Billy did have a purpose and deserved to be here with him. A conversation Billy had hoped lasted longer but was cut short by a kid having a breakdown in the science classroom, sending Steve to save the day as he seemed to always be up for doing.

That night, Billy woke up to the feeling of heat. Intense heat. Thinking the house was on fire or about to be, he jumped up only to find the source was Steve himself. His entire body was slowly getting brighter, so much so Billy had to look away.

"Steve!" He began yelling, trying to wake him up but it wasn't working.

In some sort of panic, he ran from the room and straight to find Hopper but he didn't know where he slept. Instead, he begrudgingly knocked on Nancy's door, hoping she could touch him or something but she didn't answer. Jonathan did.

"Billy?" His eyes went wide when he saw Billy's tired, worried face staring at him.

"What?" Nancy mumbled from inside the room and it all came together. Every little suspicion he had was correct but he didn't have time to shove it in her face, no he had to stop whatever was happening.

"It's Steve," He said and she rushed to the doorway, clearly just as distracted from being caught as Billy was from catching them.

They all ran to their bedroom to find he was still lit up, his sheets beginning to singe beneath him as he clenched his fists and screamed out.

"Touch him or something!". Jonathan yelled and Nancy stepped forward to grab the boys arm.

Everyone paused to see if he would stop and he did. The room went dark but the doors in the hallway were opening and the lights of the mansion were switching on. He was out, completely and utterly out

for the count and Billy sighed in relief. Whatever had happened was over but there was something else he needed to attend to.

"We need to have a little chat," Billy turned to the saviour of the day. "Now."

Jonathan went to get Hopper as the other students gathered in the hallway. Billy followed Nancy to the top of the staircase and felt himself getting angrier as the worry left him.

"Look," she spoke. "It's complicated."

"No, it's really not," Billy replied, fists clenching and unclenching as he calmed himself. "It's not at all. Jonathan is immune to mutants, even you and Steve isn't."

He understood why she was doing what she was but he couldn't stand the thought of Steve finding out about it. The thought of the pain in his eyes.

"Can you not tell him?" She asked.

"You have a week to sort this out or I will," He replied and left her to go see if Steve was awake.

He was. Hopper was clearing the crowd and Jonathan left to get Nancy. It was swift and clearly a routine for a student to have an accident but by the looks of things, Steve didn't have them often. When he entered the room he was sitting on the edge of his bed, the only bit that wasn't black from the heat of his body.

Just as he went to enter the room Hopper grabbed his arm gently and pulled him aside. "What?"

"Good thinking back there," He replied and sighed. "He could've went supernova like he did as a kid."

"So, this has happened before?"

"Yeah, but not since he was like 13. This means he's too unbalanced to stabilize himself while asleep which is seriously dangerous," The older man shook his head. "Whatever it is we need to find out."

"I'll sort it."

He nodded and walked away leaving Billy to finally get back to Steve who was sitting at the bottom edge of his bed, the rest of it scorched black.

"I'm sorry," Was all he said when he looked up to see Billy.

"What for?" Billy shrugged as he nodded to Hopper and closed the door behind him.

Steve didn't reply, he gave a *you know what I mean* look and stood up. That's when Billy saw that the back of his clothes were almost gone, just holding on as he walked over to open the window.

"You might want to take those off," Billy said and Steve froze for a moment, his mind going to a different place than the one Billy meant but at that moment he could feel his face going hot and his stomach tingle. "They're burnt, you dumbass."

"Oh," Steve laughed and pulled off his shirt to throw it in the waste bin by his wardrobe. "Thanks."

Billy was watching him as he stood there shirtless, his eyes scanning him and even when Steve watched him back he continued. He wasn't as muscular as Billy, nowhere close because he didn't have to be. His job wasn't holding himself in the air by wings or back muscles. No, it was solar energy. Blasts of power or light that could take someone down and save the day. He didn't need to work out or be stronger like Billy, that didn't stop the other boy from staring at his torso like he was a Greek God among men.

For the next week, Billy watched Nancy like a hawk, literally. Every time she spoke to Steve he was somewhere listening or watching. Except by the Thursday, she still hadn't done what she said she would and he wasn't known for his patience.

That evening she took Steve into the local town to buy some newer bed sheets because the ones he had now were unusable or covered in butterflies. While they were gone Billy cleaned the room, watered the plants and straightened the furniture only to stop after he had. He

didn't like that he had done that, helped someone for nothing in return. It felt wrong and out of character but he wanted to help Steve. Make him feel better for what he had done. As he stood thinking, Robin appeared at the door.

"Look at you, being all domestic," She smiled.

"Yeah, whatever," Even that wasn't like him. Where was the snark, the snappy temper? Nowhere to be seen, apparently.

"He alright after the other night?" She walked in and sat down on the bed. Billy didn't join her.

"Yeah, he hasn't said what happened though," Billy scratched at his bicep as she looked up at him. "Why, he freaked".

"It hasn't happened in a while", she replied. "Last time was when he was 13 or something. When his dad didn't turn up to take him out for his birthday".

"What?" If Billy's ears could have pricked up they would have because that most definitely caught his attention.

"Has he not told you? His dad left him here and never came back," Robin was waiting for Billy to say something but he didn't have anything to say. "You've seen him go full power, right?"

"Yeah, but it was on the news".

"Yeah, well that was probably around that time," She sighed and stood up to lean on the windowsill. "Steve's power comes from his emotions. If he's upset he becomes stronger and if he's angry he's even more powerful."

"So, what? He was upset about something in his sleep?"

"No," She moved closer to him. "Think of Steve as a battery. He charges up and then releases energy to make space for the incoming power. Normally he just lets out heat or small bursts subconsciously so that he doesn't overload but if his emotions become unbalanced and he doesn't release a large amount it overflows. Leaks and that's what you saw last night."

Billy was thinking. Thinking about what could be causing him to become unbalanced.

"It must be Nancy," He said and turned to Robin.

Except, she laughed. Just laughed in his face as he stood there not sure why his statement was funny. "What? It makes sense. They've been arguing since I got here."

"Yeah, but they always argue," She replied and stepped right in front of him, her finger moving to touch his chest. "It's you, idiot."

"Me?"

"I've seen how he looks at you, touches you whenever he gets the chance. I'm not blind," She rolled her eyes and made her way to the doorway. "Just take him downstairs and make him let out some steam and he'll be fine or sort out whatever the hell is going on between you two."

With that, she was gone and Billy was left with the knowledge Steve was watching him too. Except, this was real. Not some hookup with his hands against a brick wall in a back alley and his legs spread apart. No, there were feelings involved here and he didn't like it.

In some attempt to clear his head he rushed down to the kitchen and got a glass of water, but every time he thought of something else Steve would slip right in. His smile or his stupid big brown eyes would find their way into his thoughts, make him go warm and then he'd push them out.

"Shit," He breathed as he put the glass down by the sink. "I'm fucked," That came out louder and in a tone, that if someone had heard they would know exactly what he meant.

Shopping didn't last very long as Nancy hated being in close contact with people, even when she wore her gloves. Steve chose a set for his bed, a plain blue cover that matched Billy's eyes. Even though he would never admit that and they got in the car to go back to the mansion.

As Steve pulled into his parking space, he caught a glimpse of white

feathers in the kitchen window. Followed by a tanned, muscular arm and then blue eyes which met his instantly. Billy stood watching him, as if he couldn't look away, neither could Steve. His now healed wings stretched out slightly, relaxed behind him as Nancy blithered on about something he couldn't hear because all he could think of was the boy in the window.

"God, he's beautiful," He breathed so quietly he barely heard it himself, but he had to say it because at that moment Billy looked like an actual angel.

A fallen angel which he had just happen to catch.